

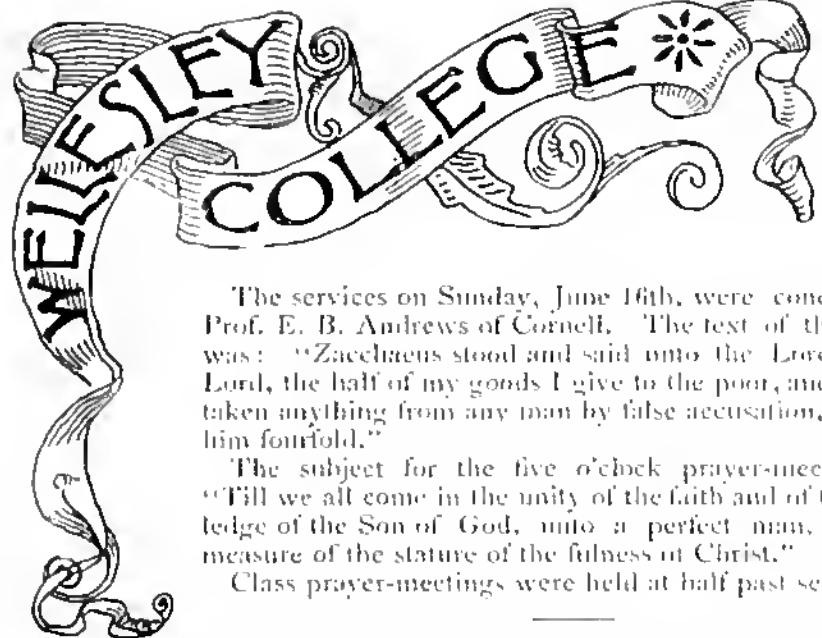
The Current

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 38.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



The services on Sunday, June 16th, were conducted by Prof. E. B. Andrews of Cornell. The text of the sermon was: "Zacchaeus stood and said unto the Lord, Behold Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold."

The subject for the five o'clock prayer-meeting was: "Till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Class prayer-meetings were held at half past seven.

Report of the Christian Association.

At the annual business meeting of the Christian Association for the election of officers, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Miss Marion Metcalf; Vice-President, Miss Grace Andrews; 2d Vice-President, Miss Mary V. Fitch; 3d Vice-President, Miss Charlotte J. Allen; 4th Vice-President, Miss Lena H. Brown; Recording Secretary, Miss Alice G. Arnold; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Linda D. Puffer; Treasurer,

Float Day '89.

We may well boast of our Alma Mater and say that she gives us a liberal and well rounded education, for not only does she develop us mentally, spiritually, socially and aesthetically, but athletically as well, and that in no mean degree, as last Saturday evening testified. Float Day certainly plays a conspicuous part in our college life, and is not to be foregone in spite of stormy weather. The heavy rain in the afternoon neither dampened the nautical enthusiasm of the rowers, nor the curiosity of the spectators, who had assembled in great numbers in the first floor center anxiously waiting for the sky to clear. A little after six, the storm passed over and the word was spread that the crews would go out. The guests then scrambled, for the most dignified person could do no better, down the bank and took their stand at the water's edge. Shortly after, the Junior crew, in heliotrope suits trimmed with gold, appeared over the brow of the hill and marched down to the dock, where the crew boat, the *Princess*, lay. The Junior crew suit, though not so effective as other suits, because of its darker shade, yet is the most striking nautical and, in its double sense, "ship-shape." The banner is an artistic and beautiful one of rich heliotrope silk, embroidered in gold, and appropriately mounted in a rod of bird's-eye maple, since that is the class tree. The Junior crew was followed by the Special crew, in a striking costume of blue and white striped, pleated skirt, blue jersey with rolling collar, and edged with stripes of blue and white, and blue and white jersey caps. The banner is of white satin and blue ribbon, embroidered with blue, bearing the name of the crew boat, *Undine*. Nine Freshman crews next marched in soldierly order to their respective docks, and each well merited the applause which met it, as it passed, for all the costumes were pretty and some particularly original. The uniform of Miss Kenney's crew consisted of a broad blue and white striped skirt, blue jersey blouse trimmed with white braid, and white straw sailor hats bound with blue and white ribbon. Miss McAleavy's, of a red and white striped skirt and white blouse; Miss Durflinger's, of a tan-colored skirt and blouse bordered with black braid and cloth turban; Miss Wing's, red and white striped skirt and blouse; white blouse, blue jockey cap; Miss Buck's, of the same style though narrower striped, and a tan of red velvet; Miss Stinson's, blue striped canvas cloth skirt and jacket, grey flannel blouse, cap of canvas cloth; Miss Davidson's, of a true Scotch costume throughout; Miss Emerson's, new blue, figured skirt and blazer, with plain blue border, white flannel blouse and striped cap. The Senior and Sophomore crews came down the steps together and made a pretty contrast: the one in suits of red and cream, the other in suits of green. The Senior crew has always been joyfully hailed on the lake and it will be sadly missed here. The Sophomore crew made its debut with great success. The costume is a simple but noteworthy one. The pleated skirt and jersey is of dark green and in front, in the usual crew uniform style, the jersey bears, in large numbers of lighter green, '91. The caps are round and stiff, finished with a visor and black cord. On the lake, the crews together presented a very pretty and lively scene. Almost all of them rowed evenly and with a strong pull, though not with the speed which might secure the most Haven cup, even were Wellesley to excel in all other games. The singing did not prove so successful as harpophone, both on account of the wind and of an unhappy choice of tunes. For such an occasion it would be wiser to choose a taking, simple, and especially, since the high notes sound much thinner on the water, a low air. The '91 crew song was heard with particular relish because it fulfilled these conditions and was so well sung. The crew is to be congratulated on its good voices. The Float was somewhat shortened by the darkness which fell early by reason of the cloudy skies; but within doors the festivities were kept up until the putting out of the electric lights left the College world in darkness.

CAPTAINS.

CLASS CREWS.—'89 Crew, Tanager, Clara Treadway Barker. '90 Crew, Princess, Alice Mabel Norton. '91 Crew, Sea Nymph, Marion Williams Perrin. Special Crew, Undine, Evelyn Jones.

FRESHMAN CREWS.—Jenny Raphael Remey, Emma Lemire McAlatney, Annie Lannie Durflinger, Florence Annette Wing, Helen Parker Drake, Clara Fay Buck, Caudace Stinson, Janet Davidson, Josephine Emerson.

ORDER.

Wellesley College Song, '91 Crew Song,
Thistle Song, Lovely Annie Song,
Swanee River, Evangeline Song,
Kriemhild Song,
Nut Brown Maiden, '90 Crew Song,
Ango Song, Potin Song,
Matin Bell, Special Crew Song,
Elida Song, Prydwen Song,
Bold Fisherman, '89 Crew Song,
Wellesley Boat Song.

A BOAT SONG.

INScribed TO THE CLASS OF '87.
Lake Wales, Au Maryland, my Maryland.

Lake of gray,
At dawning day
In soft shadows lying;
Waters kissed
By morning mist,
Early breezes sighing;
Fairy vision as thou art;
Soon thy fleeting charms depart;
Every grace that wins the heart,
Like our youth, is flying.

Lake of blue,
A merry crew
Cheer of the world borrow;
Happy hours
To-day are ours,
Weighted by no sorrow,
Other years may bring us tears,
Other days be full of tears,
Only hope the craft now steers;
Cares are for the morrow.

Lake of gold,
With gems untold
On thy bosom glowing,
Pictures fair
In amber air,
Through the sunset showing;
When morning hours are with the past,
And memory's gaze is eastward cast,
The golden time shall then outlast
Each gift of thy bestowing.

Lake of white
At holy night
In the moonlight gleaming,
Softly o'er
The wooded shore
Silver radiance streaming;
On thy wavelets bear away
Every care we've known to-day;
Bring on thy returning way,
Peaceful happy dreaming.

LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

The Juniors enjoyed a very (lengthen) surprise last evening, a short visit from Mr. Chimney M. Depew, their honorary member. Mr. Depew could not have happened upon Wellesley for a first visit on a more opportune occasion than Float-Day. He came in the midst of the exercises, and as he descended the hill, the scene upon the lake was hidden from view until he had almost reached the shore, where the picture burst suddenly upon him, and in his exclamation "How charming!" those who were with him knew that his heart was won for Wellesley. After lingering a little upon the shore, Mr. Depew went to the parlor, where an impromptu reception was held for the Juniors to greet their distinguished classmate. Although the reception was short, there was time for many besides the members of '90 to meet Mr. Depew and enjoy his brief address to his class. Mr. Depew, wearing the heliotrope and gold pin and looking so much a '90, warmly expressed his delight in being at Wellesley, and his great pleasure in meeting his classmates, though they were rather different from the "Dicks and Bobs of Yale days," and promised himself and them happy meetings when they should be Seniors. About nine o'clock Mr. Depew left for New York amid the exultant "Rah-rah-rahs" of '90.

After the Float.

The rain tried to do all in its power on Float Day to spoil our pleasure, and it succeeded in dampening the ardor of all except a few; all its efforts were in vain to vex those happy few, for they were invited by Miss Hill and Miss Wood to come to Room X after the Float.

As we approached the annex we were led in such a way that, as our friends said, it was just like the Junior Promenade only smaller. But all thoughts of Juniors were laid aside when we saw the red and cream draperies held in place by tulips, while '89, made of evergreen and honeysuckle, greeted us at the inner door, where Miss Hill and Miss Wood were waiting to make us forget the mist and the rain. And who could have succeeded so well as they, with their brightness, with their daisies on the table and their clover in the window seats?

They gave us music and they took us to a place which they said was Room X, but how they had changed it and done it all with ferns; everywhere there were *tete-a-tete* corners dark with the shade of ferns where no Nobs threatened, but alas! a looking-glass chaperoned.

In the center of the room a table laid we lay aside for once our feasts of reason and flow of soul to taste ices and cream and let Scotch lassies tempt us with coffee and chocolate. To you who did not go, we cannot tell about it, for we do not know how they made us, at home, but they did, and to Miss Will and Miss Houd we owe one of the happiest of our last days in Wellesley College.

Testimonial Concert to Miss Middlekauff.

Sonata in D minor, Op. 42, Gubhardt
Largo e Maestoso—Allegro,
Pastourelle—Allegro assai, Miss Middlekauff,
Quartette, Sailor's Song, Specially arranged
Lamentation, Ruggles St. Quartette, Gubhardt
Toccata, Mr. Dunham, Widor
Quartette, "O for a closer walk with God," Specially arranged
Ruggles St. Quartette, Gubhardt
Andante, from Quartette in D minor, Mozart
Serenade, Gounod, Gounod
Quartette, Water Nymphs, Miss Middlekauff, Albrecht
Grand Offertoire in C minor, Ruggles St. Quartette, Batiste
Quartette, "Nearer Home," Specially arranged
Ruggles St. Quartette, Mayerbeer
Schiller Festival March, Miss Middlekauff.

Friday evening, in spite of Puckle and Bible papers, Herbariums and Herodotus, and all the other heaped up pleasures which wait upon the scholarly mind at this festive period of "senior vacation," a large audience gathered in the Chapel. Everyone looked unusually happy, and if there were any hope that the person who summed up her opinion of Wellesley in the exclamation, "But what lovely girls!" might hear, it would be well to add what certainly was true—that the audience was also a very pleasant one to look upon.

When Miss Middlekauff stepped out from the gloom of the Faculty

gallery to take her place upon the organ stool, the long and hearty round of applause which went up from those rows of seats meant more than "surface enthusiasm." The Guilmant Sonata, which the best organist in Boston was heard the other day to speak of as a "tremendous thing," was played with great precision and what musicians call "grasp." But our poor old organ! It was so embarrassed by the unusual experience of having all those gay young faces looking at it, full front, that after giving out the theme of the Largo, it lost its breath. There was enough left, however, to enable Miss Middlekauff to elicit a few soft, persuasive chords from the upper Manual, and after a moment of arguing with itself in this way, it recovered its composure and went bravely through the evening.

The Widor Toccata brought before us a style of organ music which was new to many, and gave great pleasure. Mr. Dunham was evidently hampered slightly by unfamiliarity with the organ. We wish he might come often enough to remove that difficulty, for he plays with a depth and delicacy of feeling, as well as a power of execution, which makes his music a delight.

The Ruggles Street Quartette gave to the organ music its fitting complement in their wonderfully accorded voices. Both the quantity and quality of the applause which followed their singing bore witness to the fact that it was warmly appreciated. In fact the amount of applause after "Nearer Home" leads one to ask whether it is in accordance with the best taste to applaud sacred selections to the echo. This question is especially pertinent in the case of a program where secular music is included. Consequently, whatever encores are deemed desirable may be given in a place where the most fastidious could not object to them.

Miss Middlekauff closed the concert with the beautiful Schiller Festival March, and went to her room to find a happy surprise waiting her. In the window, facing her as she came in, was an etching of the Chorister Boys, with a note upon it expressing the thanks of the Wellesley students for the Sunday evenings Miss Middlekauff has made so delightful for us all. On the table was a History of Painting, in two volumes, also from the students, which we hope will be a pleasure to the lady as she travels about the next year or two, and takes the rest she so well deserves, in looking at the wonderful paintings and other beautiful things she has already learned to love. The room was full of the fragrance of roses, and upon the window-sill was a set of Browning, the gift of Miss Middlekauff's music pupils. Those who saw her delight as she discovered each new treasure, can have no doubt that she was thoroughly pleased with the gifts.

Upon the card accompanying the set of Browning was written the line from Alt Vider: "There shall never be one lost good." And this must be our comfort in the seeming loss of one who has proved to us that indeed "Music is the key to the heart,"—who has won our love and admiration even more by what she has done.

Concert by Prof. Baermann.

The audience which occupied the chapel on Monday evening, June 17, was an unusually expectant one. A long-expected and much-deferred pleasure was anticipated and the realization was complete. Prof. Carl Baermann of Boston gave a piano recital which was a fitting climax for the concert of the year. Prof. Baermann played to a large audience, and his playing was such as to enhance the high opinion already formed of his gifts. The program itself was a compliment to the musical appreciation of the audience, and the Wellesley audience was equal to the demand made upon it. The applause which was given both artist and work was appreciative and enthusiastic. We were given glimpses of some of the many phases of the artistic genius of this great interpreter. Breadth, dignity, grace and witchery were all there, and the refinement and intellectuality which pervaded every tone were evidences that the controlling mind was a mind that conceives music as a consecrated art given to nourish the divinest powers of the spirit. The Beethoven sonata, and the Chopin Berceuse were all that they could be to the audience, but the delight reached its climax at the playing of the *Will-o'-the-Wisp* by Liszt, and Prof. Baermann repeated that number. The whole concert was a delight that will remain with every listener, for he must have realized as never before that "Music, justly understood and really felt, is a culture of the heart fitted to render it quick, tender, rich and noble, by drawing its purest emotions into disinterested activity." The following is the program:

Sonata, F Major, Op. 100	Beethoven
a. Vivace non troppo	
b. Prestissimo	
c. Alla canzoncina	
Fantasy C Minor	Mozart
(Dedicated to his wife)	
Studie F Major	Scarlatti
Adelaide	Beethoven
..... (Transcribed by Liszt)	
Feux follets, Will-o'-the-wisp	Liszt
Berceuse	Chopin
Third Scherzo, sharp minor, Op. 39	
Carnival, Scenes Mignonnes, Op. 9	Schumann
Prélude, Pierrot, Alepjin, Valse noble, Fouslons, Fléristan	
Requie, Papillons, Lettres d'amour, Chiarina	Chopin
Requie, Papillon et Chambre, Valse allumée, Fugando, Ayant, Prélude, Danse, Marche des "Davidsonello" contre les Philistins	

After this most beautiful, and, with the exception of the Commencement concert, the last concert of the year, it seems fitting that some expression of appreciation should be conveyed to him whose standing in musical circles, wise forethought, careful management and untiring exertions have made so many musical pleasures possible to Wellesley girls. Noblest recreations have been all the concerts of the year and we extend to Prof. Hill our sincere thanks.

Legenda.

It is out. Good! But is it out of debt? It will be if we all improve our opportunity to become owners of the first annual ever issued by Wellesley. Think what a relic it will be a thousand years hence—five hundred— even fifty. Want it? Of course we want it. But apparently we don't all want to pay for it. Else how is it that four hundred copies of *Legenda* are still keeping all their fun to themselves upon the shelf? Surely if anything is marketable here in these worried, wearied examination days, it must be him. Come, girls, tired out with mathematics, and buy seventy-five cents worth of laughter. And where are our Alumnae, with their blushing pocket books? The hills for Norumbega, but the dunes for *Zembla*. To the front, older daughters of Alma Mater, and uphold the precedent you would yourselves have been so glad to establish. And why do not our teachers love us as we love them? If the Faculty should bring out a *Legenda*, wouldn't the girls throng the spacious bookstore door to buy it? But the Faculty Composite could count on her fingers, if she had any, the fractions of her wide-browed self who have patronized the venture of the girls. Yet we are all proud of *Legenda*, are we not? Don't the undergraduates enjoy the jokes and the pictures? Doesn't the Faculty recognize the value of the lists and the entries of current events? Aren't the Alumnae glad of the fresh impetus given to Wellesley spirit and enthusiasm by every such enterprise? The vociferous chorus of yore has broken the inkstand. Barely a drop of the potent fluid is left on the tip of the quill to write. *Subscribe*.

A BIRD CALENDAR.

June. Thrushes.

A. C. CHAPIN.

"With what a clear
And caviling sweetness sang the plaintive thrush!
I love to hear his delicate, rich voice
Chanting that all the gloomy day when loud
Audi the trees is dropping the big rain,
And gray mists wrap the hills; for aye the sweater
His song is when the day is dark and sad."

—Longfellow.

"Aloft in secret veins of air
Blows the sweet breath of song;
O, few to scale those uplands dare,
'Tlo' they to all belong." —Emerson.

Besides the robins, whom everybody knows and loves, the thrushes common on our grounds are the brown thrush, cat-bird, wood thrush and veery or Wilson's thrush.

They are preeminently a tuneful family, and in personal appearance are trim and graceful with soft colors of the tawny order of browns. As a family they are well-tempered, never noisy nor in a hurry, but with a quiet which sometimes has the appearance of stealth.

The cat-bird, the least popular member of the family, has a sleek, tailor-made appearance in a glossy suit of dark slate-color. He is a pretentious singer and possesses a share of the family talent, but his voice breaks frequently, reminding one of a prima donna who is past her prime. His *repertoire* is as varied as that of the brown thrush, and one might sometimes be in doubt which one was singing; but there is an infallible rule for distinguishing them, which Mr. Browning gives as follows:

"That's the wise thrush, he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recompute
The first fine careless capture."

The cat-bird, on the contrary, gives each strain but once.

The brown thrush seems to have nothing to do but sing. One wonders, when he eats, for, hour after hour, early and late, he sits on the same branch swinging to a "sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure." He is almost as "garrulous a polyglot" as the mocking-bird, his southern cousin. One singer so pervades a whole grove that there seems to be a bird on every tree. Although of a somewhat retiring disposition he is not easily frightened. I remember once standing so near to one that I could see his golden-yellow eye. He sat quite motionless and without opening his bill sang a miniature or shadow-song in his throat, not audible more than ten feet away. The effect was curiously delicious.

Although the thrushes claim all hours of the day as their own, they prefer the morning (oh so early!) and the evening twilight, even if damp and chilly. Almost any bird will sing in one of these beautiful green rains, if not too cold, and the robin's song, in particular, seems improved by it.

Our enjoyment of many things in this world is heightened by the effort expended in attaining them. For example, I have no doubt that I enjoy the wood thrush better from having chased after him two seasons before succeeding in identifying him. I had an unreasonable hope that he would prove to be a hermit-thrush, whom Burroughs' descriptions had made me long to hear. But as I had never heard the song, it became a question of spots. If the spots extended across his throat, he was a wood thrush; if his throat was plain, he was a hermit.

Night after night, just at dusk, I heard his enticing voice, now from the wooded hill toward the lodge, now from the grove back of Simpson cottage. Tracing him to a young oak, I could see him sitting aloft, serene and unconscious of scrutinizing eyes, singing in his rich contralto amid the gathering shadows. But in that half-light, even thro' the glass, he was all of one color, the color of twilight, and I said to myself: "What's in a name? Spots or no spots, I'll enjoy the song." Draw near and listen. Step softly on the brown mat of pine-needles which, as Lowell says, make "you lost forget 'cause not a body on." The singer will let you into the foot of his Jacob's ladder, while he sinks down into your heart such cooling drops of song as shall make its dry and thirsty places fresh again.

"A dim, sweet, twilight voice it is," a simple strain like a vesper hymn, but with a cadence and a thrill which words are powerless to describe. Is not this that spirit of the woods of which Longfellow sings?

"With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the tree and delicate air of thought."

And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
Their tops the green trees lift."

The song of the veery is wild and not so varied as that of the other thrushes which I have heard, but it has the genuine thrush quality. Bradford Torrey thus describes one peculiarity of his song: "For all the unstudied ease and simplicity of the veery's strain, he is a great master of technique. In his own artless way he does what I have never heard any other bird attempt: he gives to his melody all the force of harmony. How this unique and curious effect, this vocal double-stopping, as a violinist might call it, is produced, is not certainly known; but it seems that it must be by an *arpeggio*, struck with such consummate quickness and precision that the ear is unable to follow it and is conscious of nothing but the resultant chord."

One other thrush have I heard whose name and appearance are as yet a mystery to me. Once on Mt. Sunapee in New Hampshire and once on the College grounds I heard that strange, high, piercing-sweet note, beginning like a wood thrush but ending in a group of rapid triplets, seeming to come out of the sky. My first thought was of a sky-lark, but that of course could not be. It may not have been a thrush after all; and yet what other bird could send such a song high over the mists of early morning or the shadows of twilight, so remote, so lyrical, so penetrating?

And now it is "the moon of strawberries" and the young leaves are fluttering over many a mystery of nest and eggs and young brood, precious mystery so jealously guarded. Sit close, mother-bird! Much of the summer's sweetness is nestled beneath your soft warm breast and hovering wings.

"Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bid will soon be hea,
What now is leaf will soon decay.
The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and hea and breast,
And flitter and fly away."

THE OAK PREACHER.

MARY RUSSELL BARTLETT, '79.

"The perfect oak tree is the one which every Wellesley student knows in the meadow south of Stone Hall. The comrade which gives title to the verses was pointed out to the writer in the summer of 1880 by a member of the Faculty with the words, 'To you see my old preacher over there?'"

Above the lake's hushed lip he lifts
The solemn gesture of a seer;
The passing rowboat steers or drifts,
The passing people drift or steer—

By impulse flushed or purpose thrilled—
Through waves of grasses at his feet;
He calleth not as fate hath willed,
They turn or turn not to his seat.

He hath not chosen thus to be
Dumb prophet of a hidden good,
But seasons smite relentlessly,
And years have made him what they would.

His reaching arms are scarred and snapped
By swinging axes of the wind;
But, lo! the shattered heart is wrapped
In June's fresh raiment, sunbeam lined.

And such a little space apart,
Across the tall and tangled grass,
How oft mine eye hath led my heart
Beneath your perfect oak tree's mass.

How high his wind-filled sprays carouse!
How broad his generous leafage spreads;
How lightly bend his lowliest boughs
To stroke the radiant clover-heads!

The archetypal tree of trees,
The fittest shrine for friendship's tryst—
Beside his strength the tempted sees
His vigor doubled to resist.

In his complete, majestic grace
The dreamer sees his wish fulfilled,
And at his root's firm resting-place
The doubter finds his turmoil stilled.

And yet, when faith or hope abates,
My spirit, as its force is spent,
Turns rather where my preacher waits
With heart as well as garments rent.

And, looking thus from each to each,
To me the difference appeals;
But Nature's instinct leaps that breach,
And he, I think, the likeness feels.

I hear, beneath the tempest's lash,
His steadfast voice its rage invoke:

"Blow, wrenching wind! Strike, seething flash!

Behold, I also am an oak!"

He heeds not as the seasons go,

Or what they take or what they give,

The one essential claims him still—

His only care is still to live!

He lives; as Winter's hosts retreat,

Through secret veins the sap still runs,

And loyally upsprings to meet

The quickening kiss of summer suns.

He lives; a witness still he lends

To all whose eyes have light to see,

That life surpasses all life's ends,

And strength is more than symmetry.

He lives, an ever-spared pledge

Of God's mysterious truth to be—

That life in life is privilege,

But life in death is victory!

And so we leave him, well content

To hide his time in reticence,

Till other listeners shall be sent

To his unlanguage eloquence.

While as for us, who sometime passed

Within his sphere and went our ways,

The bread of living truth he cast

Shall feed us after many days,

Remembering how this preacher spoke

His message to our deepest need;

Better to be that thwarted oak

Than fuller growth of meaner seed!

—*Boston Transcript*, '88.

SOUTHERN BORN.

JULIAN CORBETT BARNES, '91.

Southern-born, within the shadow and the silence of my heart
I forever hide a sorrow, express-shrouded, unexpressed:
This is so longing for the past, of that pain the restless smart
Long ago sank into stillness, soothed itself to rest.

It is no regret impassioned for the rare and radiant heights,
Olive-crowned, sunrise-glanted, rising from the golden strand,
Rising toward the summer heavens, where deep-glowing sapphire lights
To a glad Apollo-worship call the waiting land.

Deeper is the pain than longing, sadder far than mere regret,
As of one, a priest, who, musing in his lonely cloister-place,
Though with high heart consecrated, night or day may ne'er forget
All the wistful light and shadow of his lost love's face.

So, though for truth's sake an exile in a far-off Northern land,
Barren plains and pathless forests of sad-whispering hemlock trees,
Evermore I see the ripples breaking on a Southern strand,
Hear forevermore the music of the Southern seas.

SOME AMERICAN STUDIOS IN PARIS.

HARRIET IDE COMAN, SCHOOL OF ART.

When I first arrived in Paris it was my good luck to have an invitation given me to spend an hour in the studio of one of our countrymen. So it has been several times and I want to give you some idea of what I have seen. Although the main features of all must be alike, each studio is as individual as a human being, and why not if a man puts his own life into it?

The first studio I visited was that of Edwin Weeks, who painted one of the pictures in the Stetson collection, "A Court-yard, Tangiers." Mr. Weeks has made East India a special study of late years. He has lived in that country and has brought back with him to Paris sketches almost without number of all that met his eye, as well as costumes of men of every rank from the prince to the street vendor.

The sketches are tacked all over the walls and where sketches fail, there one finds some bit of drapery or interesting piece of wood work. Brass pots and kettles, used by the Indian dyers, abound, rich in color, copper, bronze and green, an artist's delight. These find their places here and there as if drawn by an artistic law of gravitation to the spot where they produce the best harmony of color. On the floor are rugs and the ceiling is nearly concealed by a mammoth Indian umbrella. There is a comfortable corner in this place of work among the easels, palettes and brushes, a lounge heaped with pillows and near it a stand with a dainty tea-set brought from the same place as the other treasures. Even this is in harmony with all around.

My next studio was that of Leslie Giffen Candwell, a young but already noted artist from New York. One of his pictures, "Some Breton Sunshine," was in the Boston Art Club exhibition. Not long ago I spent an hour in his studio, looking at his winter's work. This studio is the home and work-shop alike of the artist, where he entertains his many friends in the most delightful manner and paints his charming pictures. We saw many interesting things, among them the picture for this year's *Salon*, "An interruption." A young girl sits with her back to a window where the full warm light pours on her golden hair and light, graceful figure. Her face is in shadow, but full of expression, as she looks at you as if to ask what is wanted, while in her hand she holds the sewing over which she has been busy. It is a picture which will always attract one, being full of life and feeling. Music was given us while in the studio of a soul-satisfying kind and we brought away with us the remembrance of one of the pleasantest hours spent in Paris.

Mrs. Palmer took me to see the studio of Mr. Walter Gay. His last year's *Salon* picture was so fine in composition and execution that it was bought by the French government and will soon have its place in the Luxembourg gallery. It is called "The Benediction." An old woman is sitting by a table on which is her meagre meal of bread and cheese. Her head is bowed and her hands clasped in prayer. The sunlight streams in

at a large window touching her white cap and kerchief, but throwing her face partly in shadow. One sees at a glance the quiet, simple, trusting life of this old peasant woman.

Mr. Gay's studio is a large and rather long room with high windows. On the walls hang rich tapestries from Spain and Italy. There is one beautiful piece of gobelin made here in Paris, but of ancient date. Aside from these were pictures and sketches of his own and a shelf was full of many quaint, old cups without saucers, beer mugs from Germany and wine glasses from Spain.

One of his pictures taken in northern Ireland interested us especially. It is the face of a peasant girl, full of beauty but with a great sadness in the eyes. One would think she had known more of the world's sorrow than could have come to her in her lowly home. One longed to know who and what she was; what she would do and be if she had but a chance. Some one suggested that our artist friend should look her up next summer and see if she would not like to try her fate in America.

In a little side room, too, the walls were covered with interesting sketches and there we seated ourselves before an open fire to have a cup of tea. In this room we found some old missals, interesting enough to study for hours instead of the few minutes at our disposal. The work of the illuminated letters was wonderful, more beautiful than any I have seen. The backs were heavy and clasped with iron hinges. One still had a chain attached which used to be fastened to the reading-desk. The pages had been mended and patched and notes made on the margin of those which contained music. I hope some time to give the readers of the *Courant* some account of what the Art advantages are in Paris.

UP AND DOWN THE ORINOCO.

BESSIE M. PATTERSON, '87-'88.

Down the Spanish main from La Guaira, past Margarita, the island of pearls, "as we sailed, as we sailed," through the Mouths of the Dragon unbent, (the gateway of mountains rising from the sea, opening into the chief port of Trinidad,) behold us changing vessels at Port of Spain, its capital, and steaming across the Gulf of Paria to where the waters of the Orinoco flows into the sea. We intended keeping watch for the entrance into the river, amusing ourselves meanwhile, listening to that phenomenon, the musical fish, of which we had read so much. From the Spanish *Conquistadores*, who heard music in these waters, has come to us the myth, that every year the "Nymphs and Tritons assembled therein, and with ravishing strains sang their watery loves." The "Nymphs and Tritons" have been conceded to be merely the stupid sea-cows coming in to browse on mangrove shoots and turtle-grass, but the song of the fish is a fact and—who knows? may have been the origin of the Siren's song in other places. Mr. Joseph suggests this, in his history of Trinidad after describing a concert heard in these waters: "Under the vessel I heard a not unpleasant sound, similar to those one might imagine to proceed from a thousand Aeolian harps; these gradually swelled into an uninterrupted stream of singular sounds like the booming of Chinese gongs under water; to these succeeded notes faintly resembling a wild chorus of a hundred human voices, singing out of tune in deep bass." It is said the noise is caused by the fish grinding their teeth.

At midnight we entered the Macareo, but our boat had gone so smoothly before that we should not have known the difference unless told of it. How could this be a river, and only one of the sixty-two that form the delta of the Orinoco when we could see land only on one side! But the Macareo narrows suddenly, and in the morning, we found it not so broad after all, though wonderfully lovely.

A queer noise, a kind of "Chirrupi! Chirrupi!" awakened us and we rushed on deck to watch a few canoes of Indians who had come out in hopes of having biscuit thrown them. To see their faces brighten, to watch their delight when a biscuit was caught, was as pitiful as it was amusing. One had procured a hat from somewhere (it was about the only article of clothing among them) and he willy-nilly waved it to show his joy.

All during the day we caught glimpses of them—through the occasional breaks in the forest—living under the thatched roofs supported by bamboos, or in canoes of mahogany, going in and out among the inlets. With the exception of those around Lake Maracaibo, nothing more mild and gentle can be imagined than the Indians of Venezuela, if not attacked. Strange it is, that they are the descendants of the Caribs or original cannibals who were a strong and warlike race. They are of short stature, stoutly built, with round, chubby faces and black hair, differing much from the North American type. Their only artistic occupation is beautiful feather work and embroidered hammocks which have the appearance of silk but are made of aloe-fibre.

Our steamboat had already lost its "Mississippi River Line" look, because of these hammocks which were stretched in every possible place. We had not thought to bring one, but a dozen were put at our disposal. "This one," some one explained to us, "was made by the Indians above Bolivar, and was very comfortable," (we had incidentally learned its price—\$200). "There was a nice one over there," if we preferred. But we were luxuriously enough in a simpler one and from this silky couch ("honoring my *chinchoro*," the owner graciously put it) we watched the beautiful scenery all day, our boat going so near the banks at times as to cause some poor crocodile to retire hastily to his den, or to frighten some bright parrot or monkey that had been watching us from a fan-palm. For growing up out of the water were long lines of these, some of them almost covered by the flowering creepers which hung in festoons from taller trees behind. Such luxuriance of foliage, every imaginable shade of green, but always mingled with the flowers of the creepers which covet everything, or made still gayer by bright plumed birds which thronged the branches of the trees! At times these marvelous vines would give such fantastic shapes to the trees, that we began to trace scenes in them, and wonder if it could be accidental. First, a tall house with a bewitching balcony and a tiny opening below for a door; perfect grottoes and bower, with sentinel palms at the gate, surrounded by gardens of orchids. But we were assured it was still the primeval forest, for no one could possibly get through the vines, and, later on, it would be covered entirely by the water.

And when night came, though there was no moon, still the soft air was so clear that it was quite bright with only the stars, and we watched our fancy villages being lighted as the large fire-flies flew in and out; but can words ever picture tropical scenery? "Wonderful, wonderful, and after that past all whooping!" as Kingsley has said, therefore let us leave the description to such as himself and Humboldt.

cept for a few visits in the evening, we did not venture out much on account of the heat, preferring to remain within reach of the river breeze. During this season the Upper Orinoco is not navigable, so that after a few days here our boat returned to Trinidad.

We had not heard of yellow fever, nor been eaten by Indians or wild animals (though we got some specimens of their skins) and we wondered why such a pleasant trip was not often taken by Venezuelans. For ladies seldom undertake it, and in Caracas some of my friends had gone so far as to call on *Maria purissima* to "save one so young from such rashness and certain death." Trinidad and English once more, though modified by the French and Spanish *patois* of the blacks, who are greatly in the majority.

Not only these, in their gaudy dresses, but also types of the East were abundant in the graceful, picturesque Hindoo coolies, imported by the government to work on sugar estates. These come out in contracts for five years, are laboring and happy, and frequently remain permanently, some growing quite rich. They live in their own quarters, retaining their eastern customs, manners and religion, not mixing with the blacks whom they look down upon as greatly their inferiors. We had a good chance to examine the costumes of the women when they brought us silver bracelets to sell. One of these, a pretty young thing with clear-cut features and olive-brown skin, seemed especially attractive. A short flowered skirt came to her knees; a gold embroidered red silk blouse and a yellow figured silk scarf confined at the waist, brought under one arm and fastened to the head from behind, constituted her costume, not to mention the dozens of bracelets on her pretty ankles and arms; the rings in both nose and ears, and strings of gold pincers around her neck. She said she had been married "long, long," though she only looked seventeen; besides this and "she born here, she die here too," we could not get much English from her.

Notwithstanding the great heat we managed to get up enough energy to be continually "on the go" without resorting to the universal creole stimulant, (cock-tail) and found our departure come only too soon.

Wherever we turned there was something beautiful to see. Such delightful drives just at sun-down, around the savannah, where the gay parties of tennis players, still at their games, made the squares bright and animated, past airy houses, seemingly all lace curtains and vines, under huge palms or ceibas, and every species of flowering trees. Or perhaps among the spice groves around the Governor's Mansion where the hand would be giving its final in "God Save the Queen." It was always night before we got back, but night is the time to enjoy the tropics.

The night-blooming jessamine is perhaps the sweetest and first to be noticed, but even the day-blooming flowers give more fragrance at night, and then the strong evening breeze is sure to waft it further. Then there are the wonderful noises coming from every kind of tropical insect, that seem so distinct now, and of course one could not notice the fire-flies in the day time, though they are so very large.

"Such a paradise!" we said over and over, and yet we found some who would like to get back to smoky London! "Too much heat," they said, and in that we heartily agreed. As for good society, we could not find any thing more pleasant than the gentle, refined "teas" of some, or swell dinners or tennis (it was still Lent) of others. The Government House, the finest in the West Indies, I believe, is surrounded by the Botanical gardens and is large and handsomely furnished. When we went there to call, chaperoned by a charming American friend, a long resident of the island, though the Governor outside playing tennis did not seem very formidable, still the air of ceremony within was a little appalling notwithstanding the hostess, Lady Robinson, was so kind and gracious and the aide-de-camp at her side so very handsome.

We did not get to see the natural lake of pitch which is near Port of Spain, but we felt sure it was there, and would probably remain until our future visit to Trinidad when we hoped to see all the rest of the attractions of this beautiful island.

Caracas, Venezuela, May 3, 1889.

THE SINGLE TAX ON LAND VALUES.

BY ONE OF WELLESLEY'S SONS-IN-LAW.

Of all important taxes that we pay, there seems to me to be but one that does not hamper trade—that does not interfere with human hands in their efforts to satisfy human wants, and so reduce the well-being of all. If this is true this one tax that does not hamper production and trade should surely be increased, and all other taxes lessened and if possible abolished. Everybody will agree to this, but to many a tax that encourages will seem a contradiction in terms. Let us see. In England taxes are laid upon land not according to its value, but according to what it rents for, and vacant land is assumed to bring substantially no rent.

Vacant land, therefore, pays substantially no taxes at all. In London vast tracts are held vacant on the account. The owners believe the land will rise in value, and as it costs nothing to hold, why, they just hold. While this goes on, a hundred thousand idle and homeless men walk the streets and millions of pounds lie idle in banks. Now apply this one tax that we have spoken of as encouraging industry—apply it even so far as we apply it here in America, that is to say, tax vacant land as you would tax any other property, by putting perhaps a tax of two per cent. of its value upon it. What would happen? The owners of vacant land in London would be anxious to improve it themselves or to sell at reduced prices to those who wish to buy for the purpose of improving it. In either event much of this land, formerly vacant, will be built upon; capital that has lain idle will be put to use and idle men will go to work, and dwelling in the houses rented by themselves and paying rent with wages earned in building them, they will no longer be homeless. Besides, those who saw and transport lumber, who burn brick and make tile will have fuller work and better wages. Merchants and their clerks, as well as farmers, will have much demand for their wares and their wages and profits will advance. Will not this one tax have encouraged industry, have increased wage and ameliorated the condition of the people? If a partial application of this single tax promises this, what may we not expect from its fuller application? Let me state a few of these results that we confidently anticipate: No one willing to work who cannot find work at good wages; no one with money to invest who cannot find a safe investment at higher rates than now; no poverty, save as the result of old age or disease; moral conditions far above those at present prevailing. Let no one lightly pass by these thoughts. They are important to all, to women as to men.

THE TALE OF A VIOLIN.

JOSEPHINE VIRGINIA SWEETSER, '90.

I am a Cremona violin. My strings are all cut now and I am never played upon; but once such music used to come from my heart as made men and women tremble with its passion. My master, for it is he of whom I am to tell you, was one of the finest violinists of his time. Perhaps if I describe him you may recognize the picture. He was tall, being considerably above the average height, and slight, yet with that breadth of shoulders which indicates the strength of manhood. He was said to be very handsome, but to me he seemed something too grand to be called even by that name. He had a clear, pale complexion, and dark, deep, passionate eyes, with a world of tenderness in their depths at times, and at others an almost ominous blackness. His mouth was firm with clearly chiselled lips; his smile of a sweetness not to be described. A high, rugged brow was partly covered by masses of dark wavy hair. It was his greatest difficulty in the matter of his toilet that these dark locks would never stay in place. His hands were formed for their particular mission, violin playing. They were long and slender, with the delicate taper fingers, which one rarely sees on the hand of a full grown man, and when one of those slender hands clasped my neck with its strong grasp I felt myself in the control of one whose slightest bidding I must obey. So much for the outward appearance of my master, but it was not the dark eye, nor was it the wavy locks, nor yet the white hand, which endeared the man to me who was his closest companion. It was the heart, strong, tender, sympathetic, noble, that loving heart so often wounded by the one he loved best. He had many friends and he looked with kindness and affection upon them all, but the whole wealth of his great soul's love he lavished upon his brother, blue-eyed, early-haired, dissipated, handsome Hal. The two were all alone in the world, and surely no two brothers ever looked less alike, or were ever more widely different in actual character. My master, dark-haired and dark-eyed, resembled the warm-hearted impulsive French mother. Hal, fair and blue-eyed, the father,

through whose veins had coursed the Saxon blood. Upon her dying bed had the beloved mother intrusted to the charge of my master the wayward Hal. Faithful to the promise then given, he watched over him for good in every way. He worked, he studied, he prayed, for Hal. But Hal would drink, and Hal would gamble, and Hal would revel until the small bones, and meantime my master, tired after a long day of close attention to music, and wearied by an evening of hard work in a concert, waited anxiously for the home-coming of the prodigal, or threaded the city streets or the lighted club rooms in search of the wayward one.

And Hal loved this elder brother as much as a nature like his was capable of doing. "I will never drink again, Alf," he would cry at times in a spasm of penitence, "you shall never come to that bar-room again for me, I will remember mother. Now just play me one tune on your violin, and I'll be good." The early head would drop on my master's knee as this petition for a tune would be given. Then my master would lift me from my snug case, and play and play, until all the melody was drawn from my strings, while the blue-eyed brother would fall asleep.

And so the days went on. But Hal grew pale, and the fair face was tinged with a hectic flush, the blue eyes grew bright and glittering, and the fond elder brother beheld with a sharp pang, the traces of the dread disease which had afflicted the dear mother. The nightly revels ceased. The frolics and the carousing were forever over, and Hal reclined on a couch by a sunny window, and gazed out with a mournful sadness in his eyes. Every hiss surrounded him. Medical attendance the very best alleviated his suffering, and every evening, Alfred, who gave up his concert work, sat by the young man's side, and with me nestled under his chin, his firm hand about my neck, played by the hour to the loved brother. His favorite music was the "De Profundis," an exquisite composition of his brother's, and oftentimes with closed eyes would he murmur, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee."

So the days passed, and there came a time when the strains of music were hushed, and I lay unheeded in my satin-lined case. The elder brother was left alone. Several months elapsed until one evening my master came to where I lay, opened my case with his key, and gently, lovingly lifted me out. How I loved him! He looked at me for a moment, his handsome lips firmly compressed, and then nestled me as of yore under his chin, his long fingers clasping the jewelled bow. "O rest in the Lord," he played first, then some of the wonderful Passion Music, and finally the strains of "De Profundis" filled the room. "For with thee there is redemption. Amen." He finished, bent his head over me for a moment, kissed me, replaced me in my case, and with a glittering knife severed all my strings.

From that day, I have never been played upon.

A DEAD LETTER.

MARGARET EMMA DEETZ, DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.

B murdered A. He did it very easily, by just wrenching out the cross-bar that has kept A from being knock-kneed since the Christian era, and hitting him on the head with it. A was killed as dead as a doornail; he dropped dead everywhere at once. There was a terrible time in Alphabet town. The twenty-three chief citizens who had not been murdered flew about in a wild way. H was the worst of them all. She puffed and gasped and went into spasms, trying to speak her own name and say that she was A's widow. The chief citizens rallied around the dead body.

"I reckon he is only stunned," said one.

"Nothing but the wind knocked out of him," said another.

"Not much but wind to him, two-thirds pull," said a third.

"Get the bellows!" "Blow him up!" "Toss him over!" "Roll him on two logs!" "Keep him going!" "Don't let him die for wind!" "There's plenty of it!" "He feels cold!" "Tie him up!" "Get hot bricks!" "Put something to his feet!" "Hold on to him!"

These activities were proposed by the Wides-Awakes who crowded together on one side of the body and fired themselves off like a Gatling gun of advice. The Half-Asleeps stood on the other side and fired back.

"No, no!" "Keep the wind off him!" "Put him down!" "Keep him perfectly still!" "Let him be!" "No violence!" "He is fixed out for quiet comfort!" "He's got the right to die!" "If it suits him, it ought to suit us!" "Don't meddle with Providence!" "Let him be!" Nobody was hit.

"We might call his name," said the Professor who belonged to no party, and stood on the fence while he explained the Roman custom of calling the name of the dead at funerals. The chief citizens joined hands about the corpse, other people crowded up and looked over their shoulders. The Professor gave the word.

"One! two! three!"

Alphabet town and the rest opened its mouth and uttered a deal of queer breath, but all of them together could not say A. They did not know why. So they tried it again and harder. This time there was no sound but the snapping of vocal chords and the bursting of wind-pipes. They tried it a third time, the Professor giving the word as before.

"One! two! three!"

And now the silence that followed was so solid and tremendous, so unearthly, that it flew off from the world in a tangent and went bang up against the sky. It burst like a rocket, and chunks of silence came falling heavily down on everybody.

The Orator, not being hit hard, was the first to speak. He mounted a pair of skids that had been brought to lay the body over, and made an address, that is, he tried to. But the dead A-s were as mute as deaf-and-dumb preaching, and the consonants—those hand-listed citizens of Alphabet town, rattled and rustled against one another like a crumpled program at a symphony concert.

"Fellow-citizens," he began; this sounded all right. He went on:

"This is 'n'awfully s'd occ'sion." He meant to say "An awfully sad occasion," but it sounded like "n'awfully solition." If the words had been toads in his mouth they could not have stultified him more. He cleared his throat; he wiped his chummy lips with his handkerchief and looked to see if there was anything on it. The people, who had not understood a word, called "Louder!" "Louder!"

The Orator went at it again, and this time he worked his pronunciation pumps till they squeaked in his windpipe.

"Fellow-citizens, I an'y s'y 'g'in it is p'infully—n'y 'n' 'awfully s'd occ'sion." He meant to say, "I may say again it is a painfully—nay, an awfully sad occasion," but the consonants crushed cruelly together like the severed spears of sixty successful thistle-sifters.

"I m'sygn it sp'infly—wy'fully s'dotion." The people yelled and hooted; the Orator turned pale; great beads of sweat stood on his face. Well he knew that if he could not talk, nobody could—no, not ever could. If he gave it up, "English as she is spoke" would pass out into everlasting silence. He stood at the portal of English speech as Leonidas at Thermopylae. He lifted his ghostly face heavenward; he threw up his frantic arms entreating help; he clutched at a quotation. Oh, shade of Robert Burns, stand off!

"Ye 'm'n 'n'b for 'tht. Wh't m'n h's done m'n'y do."

"Tumy yum, frth," mocked a shrill-voiced boy in the crowd.

"Muem sdn-munkndo!" jeered another. But the Orator went valiantly on:

"Wh't m'n c'n lk—I s'y 'g'in. Wh't m'n c'n lk without 's—"

These words were splintered out as if the Orator were a bottle, and India-rubber bubbles were being shaken out of him. At the last effort he fell in convulsions, foaming at the mouth.

Alphabet town now began to see what a sad case they were in. They could not get out a warrant to arrest B; they could not advise his widow, nor administer the estate, nor draw up resolutions. They had no law or lawyers; no trial by jury, no *Magna charta*, no *habens corpus*.

That is, nobody had any *habens corpus* but A. He had—one apiece a laround—but he had nothing else but that, and he did not know what to do with it. All Alphabet town could not make a grave; they could not get up a vault; they could not even cremate the body.

"Bur'y it then," said a solemn old citizen.

"Bur'ying is not good form; it is quite gone out," said a woman of style. "You ought to respect the poor fellow's feelings; he used to be stylish to the top of his bent."

"Undoubtedly bur'ing went out with the Ngle-sxons," said the Professor. He had meant Anglo-Saxons; he choked at the queer word and wiped a tear for the missing vowels for he had his feelings.

"Bur'ying is now entirely gone under," he went on. It is but low business. No one submits to it of his own desire. It is, however, our one resource with our poor friend. It is the best opening for him." He sighed and went on: "Now post-mortems or coroner's inquests we could not get up; there is nothing in the spelling to hinder."

"I don't see the good in them," said the woman of Style. "It would be mere compliment." So the matter was dropped. Poor A, lying there so still and stark, seemed no longer amenable to earthly honors. They

buried him in a coffin for all Alphabet-town could not get up a burial-case or a casket. They could not ask the old parson to preach, but had to request the new minister to perform the service, and all his theology, he had a hard time dodging the words that had A's in them, and the speech rattled in his throat so that his voice was raspy forever afterward. He had to use somebody's troches, and he wrote a letter to the troche-man without any A's in it, and got his troches cheaper after that.

This was only the beginning of troubles. Half the words in Alphabet-town fell to pieces, and had to be thrown out into the backyard, because the A's were dead and the other half had to do more work than they were used to.

You could not have read the daily paper the next day after the murder. The editor himself did not pretend to read it; he said it was as much as he could do to print it.

The school-books were too queer for anything. The School Board had a meeting, and voted to give up learning to read; they put the teachers on half pay, and had the children spend all their time counting. Some of the boys and girls liked this because it was easy; but the teachers knew that the end of the world had come.

They had to call the place Lphlet-town, and the postmasters all around the world got terribly mixed over it. All the letters with the dead A's in the address were lost along the road. Some of them had money orders in them, with pension money for poor widows.

At last the citizens called an Assembly to organize a new plan of talking. Every one had a right to speak at this meeting, but as soon as a speaker said a word with an A in it he had to sit down.

The first class of the Boys' High School, who were not suspected of knowing how to spell, were the impures. They sat in the gallery and sharpened their voices on whet-stones, though some of them used files.

The Professor talked the longest and said the least. He had a wide wealth of words, though what he did with them folks generally did not know. There were people in Alphabet-town who said he had invented a sieve which would let the dead A words go through and keep the rest, and that the Professor stirred these up with a pinch of salt and no wetting, gave it a dry bake, and that was his speech. There seemed no end of it, except the first end; it rambled on and on in a wonderful way, but it tripped up at last on the word *dear*.

A short boy versed in silent letters, who was in the habit of writing notes to a tall girl in the graduating class, knew how to spell that word—especially when she looked up at him from down stairs.

Oh, but he blared it out like a trumpet; all the gallery joined in. Up went the pea-shooters. The boys had their pockets full of dead A's—little stiff corpses harder than stones—which they had picked up in the streets and backyards. A terrible hail of dead A's came pelting down on the poor Professor. The boys had him now; he had been cruel to them—made books with words in them, you know. Now they were cruel to him. You would have been sorry for him if you had seen him jumping wildly up and down, throwing out his arms as if he were fighting wasps. At last he rushed from the stage all covering over in a bunch, trying to get his head between his shoulder-blades for protection. The Assembly laughed as well as they could without any A's. The Professor had never been half so amusing before.

Many of the speakers were very angry at B. Some proposed hanging him. Of course they went down on that. Others were for lynching him, and others for life imprisonment. But the people who clamored for vengeance could not say much on account of getting excited and making mistakes. Then, of course, the pea-shooters came to the front.

"I do not uphold B," said the eloquent Man, who had prepared his speech with great care. "But I do most solemnly protest it will do good to execute B. This would not help us. We should be even worse off with him gone. Let but one more be missing from our number, then we must give up everything. The words then left would die of overwork. Our hasty dictation books would be nowhere. Webster's superb monument of tail would shrivel. Yes, my friends, it would shrink into thin decrepitude. Its empty covers would lie upon our shelves like the prehistoric bird's nests upon our trees. History would be wiped out with one fell swoop. Poetry would melt into silence or—poor convict in irons—would go hobbling down the corridors of Time unwept, unbemoaned, unsong. Philosophy, the glory of thought, would cish to 'tonic."

"C-i-r-r-i-sh to Toms!" echoed the faithful gallery. "C-i-r-r-i-sh to Toms! c-i-r-r-i-sh! c-i-r-r-i-sh! c-i-r-r-i-sh to Toms!" every boy made a watchman's rattle of his throat, and brought his pea-shooter into range.

The eloquent Man beat a retreat. Everybody began to see how dangerous it was to go on to the stage, or rather to get off of it. Nobody dared to begin a speech for fear of getting stage-struck and having to end it.

At last one humble old man took his life in his hands—what was left of it—ascended the steps, and came resolutely to the front of the platform.

"My friends," he began, "it is useless for us poor helpless beings to discuss this subject further. We find ourselves in trouble. We've got to be helped out. Yes, we've got to be helped out by Jupiter. You try him. He could bring our brother to life. He could, and he would too. You try him, my friends."

Here the old man stopped abruptly, and stepped down from the stage. This was the only speech that died a natural death. Perhaps for this reason it had more weight than any other, and it determined the action of the meeting

